



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

No 4



TV'S KING OF JUNGLE ADVENTURE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10¢

starring
JON HALL

Ramar

of the jungle

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Lo
2/20



DANGER! SUSPENSE! ACTION!

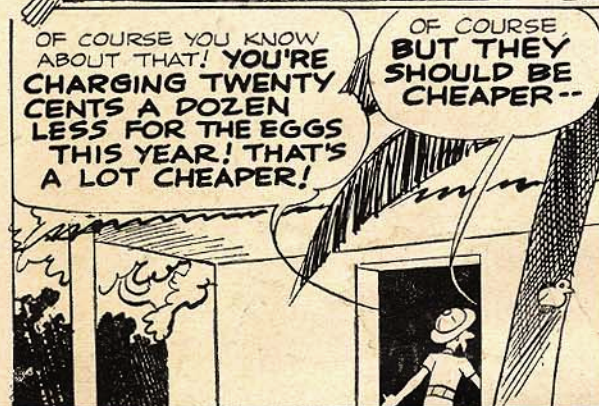
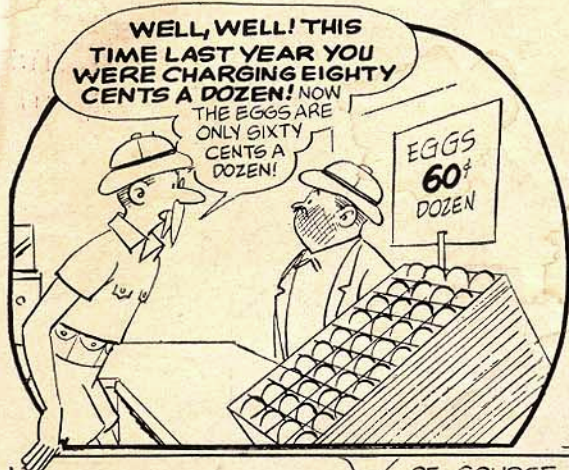


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RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

TRADER TOM

"HARD
BOILED
EGG!"

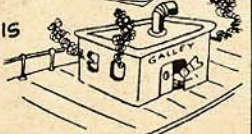


QUIZ

1. WOODROW WILSON WAS THE 28TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

2. THE U.S. NOW PRINTS FOUR TYPES OF PAPER CURRENCY.

3. ON SHIP, THE GALLEY IS THE KITCHEN.



SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT- EXCELLENT, 4 CORRECT-
GOOD, 3 CORRECT- GOOD, 2 CORRECT-
FAIR, 1 CORRECT- POOR.

4. VIRGINIA ADOPTED A STATE CONSTITUTION IN 1776.

5. LAFAYETTE WAS MADE A MAJOR GENERAL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY ON JULY 31, 1777.



ANSWERS

1. TRUE. 2. FALSE. THREE TYPES: FEDERAL RESERVE NOTES, UNITED STATES AND SILVER CERTIFICATES. 3. TRUE. 4. TRUE. 5. TRUE.

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR in GUERRILLA CHIEF OF THE JUNGLE

TO THE MBOLA TRIBE IN THE UPPER CONGO, THE DAILY DANGERS THAT SURROUNDED THEM WERE NOTHING-- THEN WROSTEK, THE FUGITIVE WAR CRIMINAL AND HIS CREW MOVED IN-- BRINGING MODERN WEAPONS AND RUTHLESS VICIOUSNESS TO THE NATIVES AS THEY ATTEMPTED TO DRIVE THEM FROM THEIR HOMES! ONLY ONE MAN COULD STOP THEM-- RAMAR THE WHITE WITCH DOCTOR!

WIPE 'EM OUT! ONCE WE TAKE OVER THE UPPER CONGO, WE'LL ALL BE RICH!

WHITE DEVILS HAVE GUNS THAT TALK MANY TIMES!

GET BEHIND TREES! TAKE COVER!



DR. REYNOLDS HAD MADE FRIENDS OF THE MBOLA TRIBE... AND HE FELT SAFE AS HE MADE HIS MEDICAL ROUNDS IN THE JUNGLE... BUT THEN HE RAN INTO A TRAP BAITED FOR ANOTHER MAN!



WHITE DEVIL CAUGHT!

WAIT! I'M YOUR FRIEND! YOU KNOW ME!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



THE MBOLA WARRIORS WERE CONVINCED... UNTIL A WARRIOR GRUNTED AND FELL AT RAMAR'S FEET! AND THEN THEY HEARD THE CRACK OF A RIFLE...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

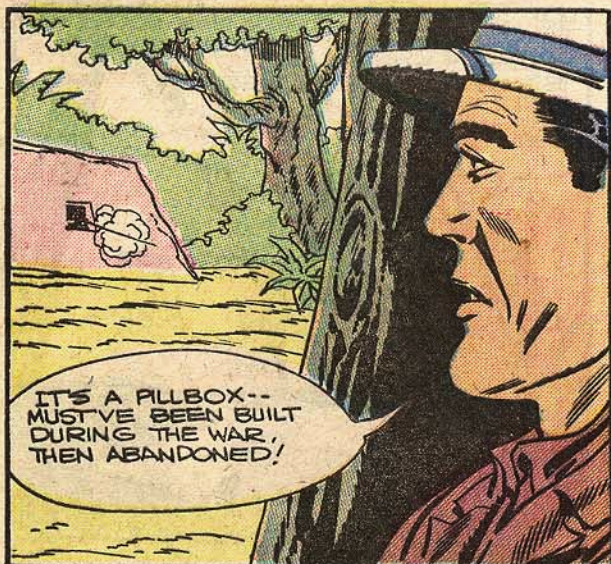
MAPAL WILL FIND THE TRAIL IF ANYONE CAN, RAMAR!

TELL HIM TO HURRY, CHIEF! THE SOONER WE WIPE OUT THIS GANG THE SAFER WE'LL ALL BE!



THE TRAIL WAS FAINT BUT THE JUNGLE WARRIOR FOLLOWED IT WITHOUT TROUBLE! THEN, THEY ROUNDED A BEND AND...

WATCH IT! THAT'S A LIGHT MACHINE GUN!

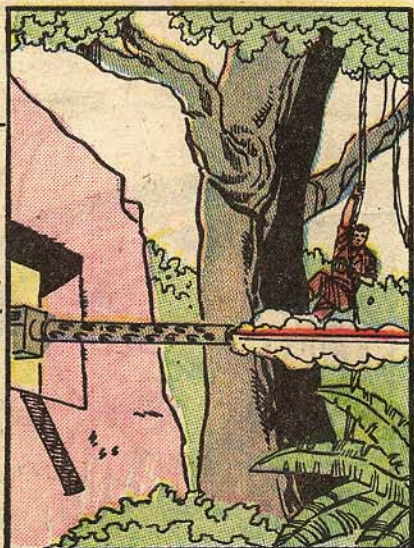


YOU SEE WHITE DEVILS HAVE GUN THAT TALKS MUCH!

IT LOOKS ROUGH-- BUT I THINK I CAN TAKE CARE OF IT!



THE HUGE, VINE-CLAD TREES HUNG OVER THE TRAIL-- THE BRANCHES OVERLAPPING! RAMAR HANDED HIS RIFLE TO THE CHIEF AND FOUND A VINE THAT OFFERED AN AERIAL PATH TO THE TREE NEAREST THE PILL BOX!



THE CHIEF WILL DRAW HIS FIRE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO DROP DOWN THERE AND PUT HIM OUT OF ACTION!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



THE MBOLA WARRIORS TOOK A CHANCE TO KEEP THE MACHINE GUNNER GOING-- AND RAMAR GRABBED HIS CHANCE...



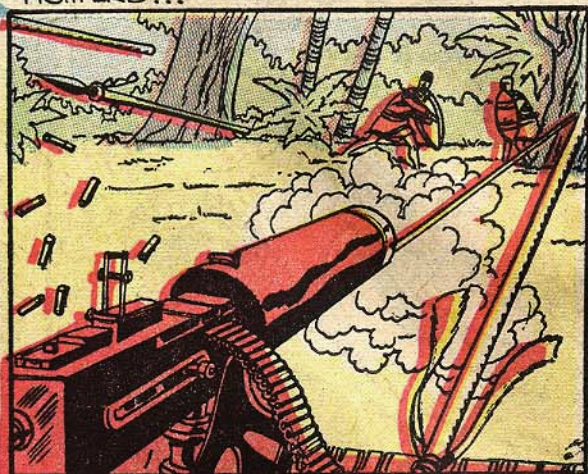
RAMAR'S HEART SANK WHEN HE SAW WHAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST, A WARTIME JUNGLE FORT-- WITH WARTIME WEAPONS...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



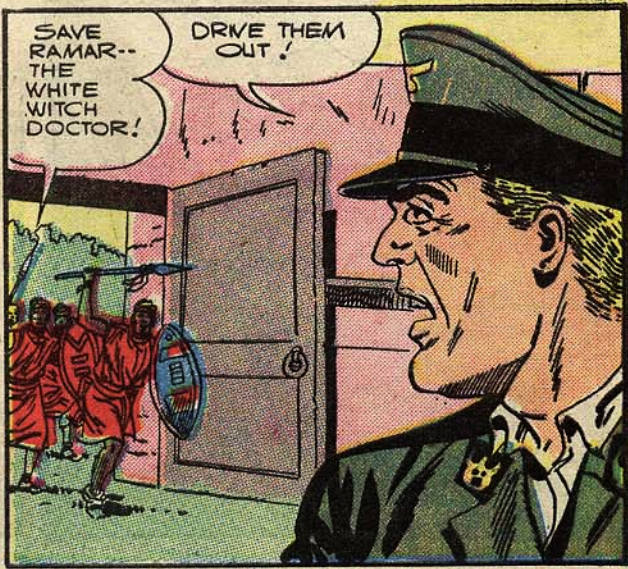
THE MBOLA WARRIORS, ARMED ONLY WITH SPEARS, FEARLESSLY ATTACKED -- BUT THE MEN INSIDE THE FORT WERE ALL VETERAN FIGHTERS ...



RAMAR CIRCLED THE FORT -- LOCATED THE TREE, THEN CRAWLED OUT ON THE LIMB OVER THE BREACH IN THE WALL ...



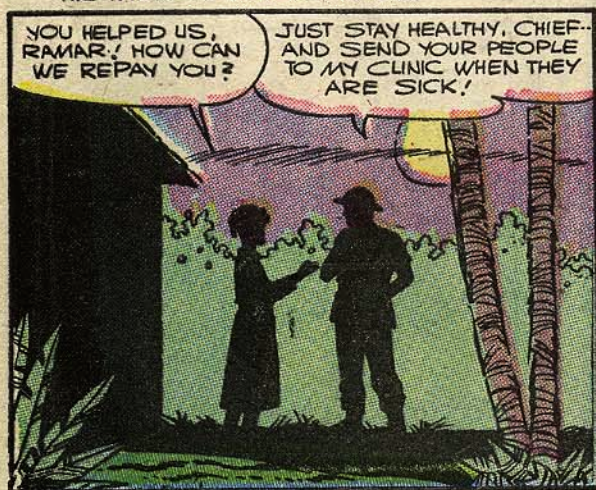
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



THE DIVERSION GAVE RAMAR THE CHANCE HE NEEDED...



LATER, AFTER DELIVERING WROSTEK AND HIS MEN TO THE POLICE...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR in DANGER

FROM A DOLL

OF THE JUNGLE



LOOK AT THAT
BLOKE! HE'S
GOT A DOLL
THAT LOOKS
JUST LIKE
YOU!

IT'S A VOODOO RITE
CHARLIE! HE'S USING
THAT DOLL TO
THREATEN ME!

IN THE UPPER REACHES OF THE CONGO, THE TRIBES WERE PEACEFUL -- BUT DR. REYNOLDS, KNOWN TO THE NATIVES AS RAMAR, THE WHITE WITCH DOCTOR, WAS FINDING TROUBLE AT HIS NEW HOSPITAL. NATIVES WHO CAME TO HIM FOR TREATMENT WERE COMING DOWN WITH MYSTERIOUS AILMENTS THAT MEDICINE COULDN'T CURE.



WHITE MAN BRING EVIL TO CONGO!
HE MUST LEAVE!

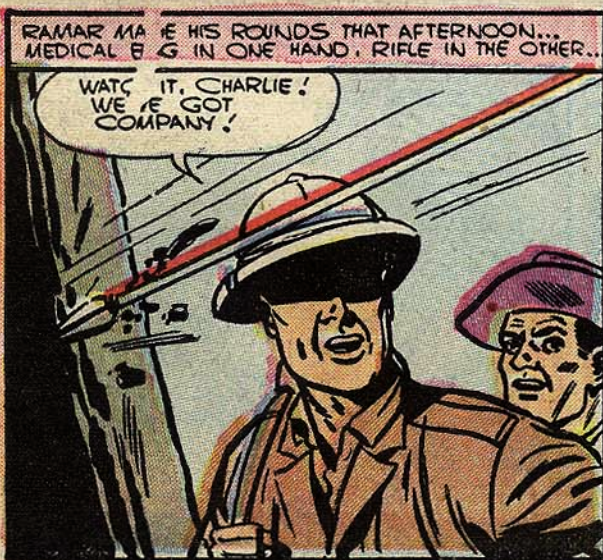
HO! HE FIX MY
ARM AND THEN I
GET STOMACH
SICKNESS! MAKE
HE GO!



RAMAR GOOD MAN! MBALI
SAY FALSE! IF ANYBODY
LEAVE, MBALI LEAVE!

WHY WHITE
WITCH
DOCTOR
MAKE ME
SICK? HE IS
LIKE OTHER
WHITE MEN!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

MBALI HATED HIS WHITE COMPETITOR! THE NATIVES FEARED HIM BUT HE WAS DETERMINED TO SHOW HIS ABSOLUTE POWER...

WE KNOW YOUR POWER, MBALI! WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

ASSEMBLE THE WARRIORS, I WILL SHOW THE POWER OF OUR OLD GODS!



DO NOT HARM RAMAR, MBALI! HE HAS DONE HIS BEST FOR OUR PEOPLE!

HE POISONS YOUR MINDS AGAINST OUR CUSTOMS! HE MUST GO!



THAT NIGHT...

ANY HURT THAT COMES TO RAMAR COMES THROUGH THIS DOLL! NOW, I DESTROY HIM!



MEANWHILE, RAMAR WAS ASLEEP IN HIS HUT WHEN WALTER, THE PARROT, SHOUTED AN ALARM!

AWWRK!



AWWRK!

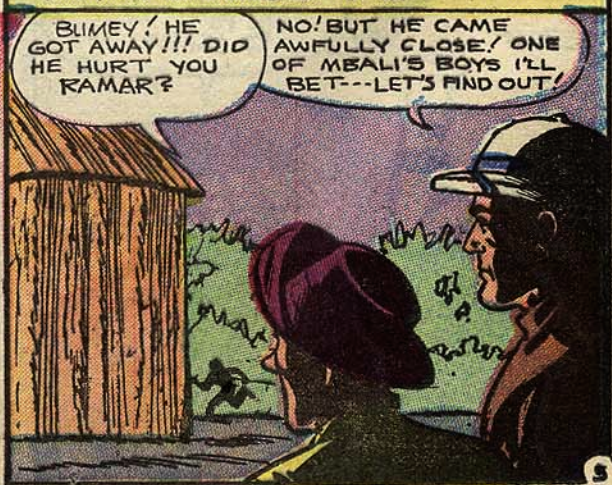
THANKS WALTER! NOW TO FIND OUT WHO IT WAS AND WHY HE WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY!



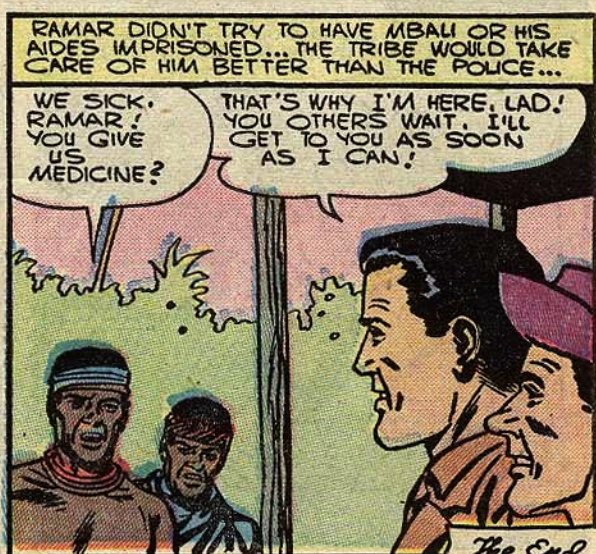
RAMAR, AND WALTER THE PARROT, DROVE FOR THE DOOR -- CHECKING ON CHARLIE ON THE WAY! HE WAS ALREADY UP...

BLIMEY! HE GOT AWAY!!! DID HE HURT YOU RAMAR?

NO! BUT HE CAME AWFULLY CLOSE! ONE OF MBALI'S BOYS I'LL BET -- LET'S FIND OUT!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



The End

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

TRADER TOM

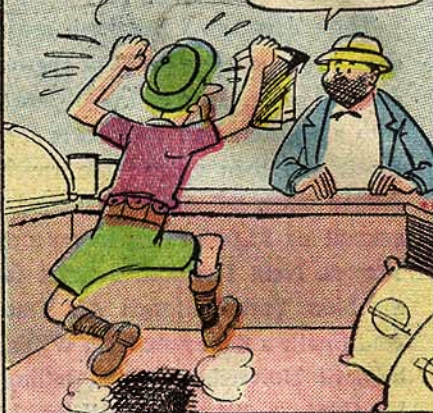


"IS IRON-HEARTED!"

(GRRR) TRADER TOM IS A FAKER!
I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM GET
AWAY WITH THIS!

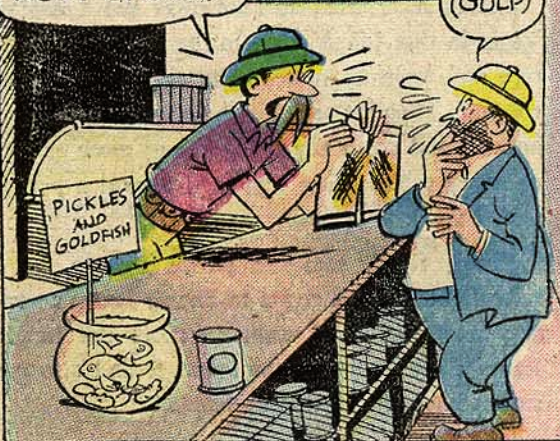


(GRRR) I WANT MY MONEY BACK,
YOU BOUNDER! HUH? CALM
DOWN! WHAT ARE YOU TALK-
ING ABOUT?



(GRRR) LOOK AT THIS PAIR OF
PANTS YOU CHARGED ME FIFTY
DOLLARS FOR! IT'S FULL OF
RUST SPOTS!

(GULP)



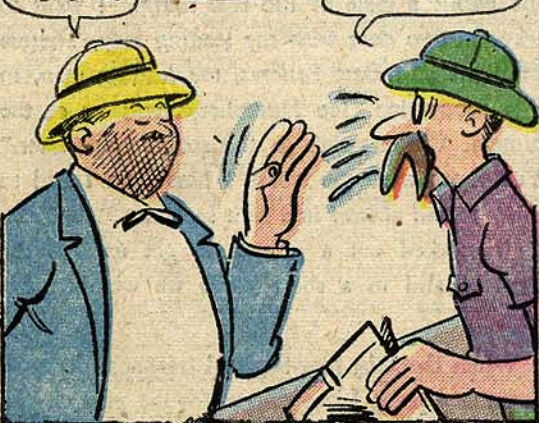
RUST SPOTS?

YES, YOU CAN
SEE THEM FOR
YOURSELF! NOW
GIVE ME MY MONEY
BACK!



OH, NO! YOU SHOULD
HAVE EXPECTED THE
PANTS TO GET RUST
SPOTS!

HUH? I SHOULD
HAVE EXPECTED
THEM TO GET
RUST SPOTS?



OF COURSE! DIDN'T I GUARANTEE YOU THAT
THEY WOULD WEAR LIKE IRON?!!



MOVIES IN THE JUNGLE

Three days ago I had been resting in an easy chair in my small New York apartment when the doorbell rang. It was Uncle Sam's mail carrier with a registered air mail letter for me. I signed for it and then opened the envelope. I nearly fainted when out came a certified check for the amount of \$5,000 made to my order — Henry Travers. Next I noticed a ticket for a plane on the New York-California Air Transit Company. And finally a short note from William Cavenish, head of University Pictures, telling me politely, but firmly, to get out to Hollywood, pronto.

This explains how I happened to be seated opposite "W.C." as he was familiarly known in the movie industry. He came right to the point. "Mr. Travers," he began, "I attended the Explorer's Club in New York when you spoke about your adventures in Ashanti territory. Tell me something about yourself." I sort of shrugged my shoulders.

"Nothing very much exciting", I said. "I have worked in Southern and Western Africa. Helped to build a railroad; hunted ivory for two years; fought against the slave traders; put down a native revolt; killed a crocodile with a knife; and am still alive."

"Nothing very much exciting", said W.C. mimicking me almost down to the tone of my voice. "Give me some facts about the Ashanti," he demanded.

"Very warlike gang of cutthroat natives," I said. "Inland from the Gold Coast they had their kingdom for years. They conquered the weaker people living between them and the sea. Made slaves of them. In 1873 the Ashanti King demanded possession of the coastal fort of Elmina which the British had purchased from the Dutch in the previous year. When the demand was refused, an Ashanti army, 40,000 strong, crossed the River Prah and attacked the Fanti who were under British protection. After defeating the Fanti in two battles, the invaders laid siege to Elmina and

advanced to within three miles of Cape Coast Castle. My Grandfather, Hugh Travers, was aboard the British warship with marines that arrived just in time and saved the situation. My father lived on the Gold Coast and I was raised there as a boy. I speak the language of the Ashanti as well as several other tongues, including Arabic and Aramahic."

W.C. nodded his head as though in complete agreement with what I had just said. But you could sense his mind was working a mile a minute. "Tell me something about the Radinga Jungle," he demanded, much as a kid asks for a piece of candy.

"They have what is known as the Creeping Vines in that Jungle. Due to the shift in temperature and moisture content, the vines expand and contract. They act as traps for human beings and animals and crush any living thing; much as sets of heavy cables being tightened around a person would act."

"Fine, fine", said the movie big-wig. "We recently bought the rights to Fannie Luster's novel, 'Jungle Love'. I want to shoot the jungle scenes right in the Radinga Jungle and also get some scenes of the Ashanti people."

I looked up in amazement at William Cavenish. What they said about him was true in the Movie World. He would stop at nothing to give the public a taste of the real thing. "I want to leave in two days with my leading lady, Theresa Martinez and Burt Fallows, my leading man, in this production. Joe Humphreys will be at the camera. We can dub in the sound track later." Yes, those were the words I heard. So I had to think for an answer in a split second.

"I worked out a scheme to get us into the territory and in a short while we were on our way."

When that big four-engined transport dropped down at a point I had chosen for the pilot, I still

could hardly believe that the head of University Pictures was at my side. As for his leading lady, Theresa Martinez, born plain Sadie Kelly in Brooklyn, she was a stunner with her dark black hair, pale white face, and brown eyes. Let's skip over the leading man and merely say he was a handsome six-footer who thought he was a double for a Grecian God.

Nearby was the jungles and we made a bee line for it. I carried a submachine gun and in my knapsack was a weapon that I knew could conquer even a whole tribe. We reached the jungle as the sun was about to set. "Follow me, and be careful not to stumble", was my warning. After we had traveled several hundred yards, I called a stop. "Watch those vines," I shouted. It was eerie to see those vines swing around as though directed by some unknown force. Theresa moved a few inches and in a second her body was lifted up from the ground.

"Help, help," she shrieked, more frightened than hurt. I made a dash for one side of the long vine and W.C. grabbed another side.

"Pull down," was my command and slowly the vine released its human captive. Theresa was slightly bruised, but she spent the next ten minutes thanking me and even planted a kiss smack on the place where such things should be delivered. For the rest of our stay in the jungle, she was always next to me. We returned to our plane and spent the night inside, with several of the crew taking turns as armed guards.

When morning broke, what I feared took place. A group of Ashanti natives armed with spears and shields headed for the plane in what was evidently an ugly mood. I later learned Joe had gotten pictures of that vine episode. And now he was grinding away at the natives, with the tripod of his camera firmly fixed on the ground. A native threw a spear and it smacked the lens straight in the center. I yelled in Ashanti tongue to the native

I could judge was their leader. The shouting died down and we went into a word battle. "What did he say?", W.C. asked in a rather frightened tone. I think then and there the big shot of Hollywood regretted not having made the jungle scene and native scene in his own back yard.

"We got ten minutes to get out of their land", I translated, "or we get a dose of spears. They say we are intruders and on that subject they are right."

"Get the plane started", ordered W.C.

Theresa hung close to me. She was scared stiff and so was that imitation Grecian God of a leading man of hers. When the plane wouldn't start, we knew trouble was staring us right in the face.

"Need about an hour to fix up two of the engines", explained the chief mechanic.

Back came the natives and they got ready to throw their spears. Out from my knapsack came stink bomb number one. I threw five of those things and the field was filled with stretched out natives. All the time Joe was grinding away at the camera. Our plane hit the air just as the effects of the bomb wore off. Up to the present, they haven't a spear that can go up two miles into the air.

Did you see the picture, "Jungle Love" at your neighborhood theater? The critics panned the vine scene, the natives approaching the plane, and the bomb episode. As Lillian De Valle wrote in her movie column, "Even a five year old could see it was done in Hollywood's backyard. How dared W.C. try to pass that off as real stuff?"

That was Theresa's last picture. Now she's got a new job as my wife and the mother of our twins. We can talk about anything in our house — except the jungle. But my secret is safe — the fact that I sent the Ashanti King a thousand dollars before we landed to stage the charge, fall down when the fake bombs went off, and fix up the vines in the jungle.

THE END

RAMAR IN IDOL CHATTER OF THE JUNGLE

FOOLS! YOU HEAR THE GREAT IDOL! GET THE WHITE MEN!

WAIT! THAT IS NOT THE VOICE OF YOUR IDOL! WILL YOU TAKE LIFE AT THE CHATTER OF A BIRD?



TENSION WAS HIGH IN THE STEAMING JUNGLE-- BUT RAMAR WAS FAR TOO BUSY IN HIS DISPENSARY TO FEEL IT!

LIE BACK, NGULA! YOU'LL OPEN THAT SPEAR WOUND AGAIN IF YOU MOVE!

I MUST TALK, BWANA! YOU-- THIS PLACE-- IN GREAT DANGER! I CAME TO TELL!

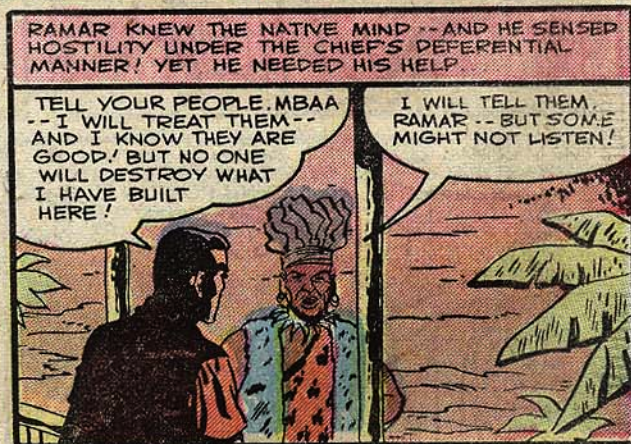


DANGER? HERE? FROM WHAT?

THE MAU MAU! HUNTING IN THE NIGHT, I HEARD TWO WARRIORS SPEAK AS THEY PASSED! I TRIED TO COME AND THEY CAUGHT ME AND LEFT ME FOR DEAD!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



IT'S QUIET OUT THERE--
TOO QUIET! MAYBE I'M
GETTING A CASE OF
NERVES!



DIE,
FOREIGN
DOG!

NOT YET,
BUSTER!



THE MAU MAU WILL
DRIVE ALL....

THE MAU MAU DESTROY IT--
SELF FEEPING ON ITS
OWN POISON!



MBOA NUT
KAHLA! KOALI
HAS SPOKEN!

MBOA!
NIJI KAHLA!
KOALI MBAA
NIJI!

SHUT UP,
WALTER!
WHO SENT
YOU HERE,
WAMBALI?
WHY THIS
MADNESS?



KOALI
BOANA
NIJI!

IT IS KOALI!
IN THE FORM
OF A BIRD! I
HEAR, MASTER!

DON'T BE
A FOOL--
THE PARROT
HEARD YOU
SAY... OR
DID HE?
CHARLIE!



WHAT IS IT,
DOC?
WHAT'S THE
WARRIOR
WANT?

NEVER MIND HIM--
THIS IS IMPORTANT!
HOW LONG HAS
WALTER BEEN
CHATTERING ABOUT
KOALI AND THAT
QUEER CHANT I JUST
HEARD? THIS NATIVE
THINKS HE HEARD
HIS MAU MAU IDOL
SPEAKING....



JUST SINCE HE'S BEEN
FLYIN' OFF TO THE
MANGO PATCH, SAY,
DO YOU THINK HE
MIGHT'VE FOUND
WHERE THEY HOLD
THEIR HEATHEN
MEETINGS?

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

THE DISPENSARY WAS WELL GUARDED THAT NIGHT -- BUT THERE WERE NO MORE ATTACKS! RAMAR WENT TO WORK ON THE PROBLEM NEXT MORNING....

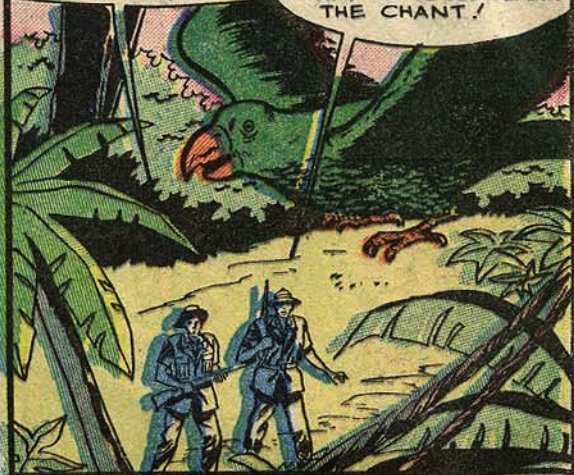
SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THE DISPENSARY, DOC? THE NATIVES THINK THE MAU MAU'S READY FOR A BIG RAID!

UNLESS WE STOP IT BEFORE IT STARTS! WALTER THERE COULD HELP A LOT! LET'S TRY TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM RIGHT NOW!



YOU MEAN WALTER HAS BEEN LISTENIN' TO THAT MAU MAU NONSENSE?

EXACTLY! AT THEIR MEETING PLACE! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY HE COULD LEARN THE CHANT!



DEEP IN THE JUNGLE, THEY WATCHED WALTER HOVER NEAR A MANGO GROVE, THEN DESCEND...

THAT'S THE PLACE! SEE THAT WARRIOR? HE'S READY FOR BATTLE -- PAINTED WITH SYMBOLS OF THE MAU MAU! SNEAK AROUND BACK!

TAKE IT EASY, DOC! WE AIN'T GOT WINGS LIKE WALTER TO FLY OFF WHEN WE GET IN TROUBLE!



KOALI SPEAKS! HE SAYS TO DESTROY WHITE MEN AND ALL WHO SERVE HIM! NOW IS THE MOMENT OF VICTORY!



NOW IS THE MOMENT TO TAKE THE MASK OFF! THE REST OF YOU CALM DOWN WHILE WE TALK THIS OVER! COME ON, KOALI, SHOW YOUR FACE!

HE HAS VIOLATED THE SACRED PLACE! GET HIM!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



DIE AT THE FOOT OF KOALI!



HE HAS SEIZED KOALI! HE MUST DIE!

WE'LL FIND OUT JUST WHO I DID SEIZE, AFTER I GET THIS STUPID MASK OFF!



KOALI NIJI KAHLA! KOALI BOANA NIJI! AWWKK!

HEAR! KOALI-- THE GREAT IDOL-- ORDER DEATH TO THE WHITE!

THAT'S A PARROT-- THAT GIBBERISH MEANS NOTHING! MBAA HAS DECEIVED YOU!



YOU ARE NOT GOING TO... UNGH!

THANKS FOR GIVING ME AN EXCUSE, MBAA! I WANTED TO DO THAT EVEN BEFORE YOU JOINED THE MAU MAU!



THE NATIVES SOUGHT OUT THEIR OWN CRIMINALS-- A LONG STREAM OF THE SECRET TERRORIST SOCIETY STARTED FOR THE CAPITOL NEAR THE COAST! AND RAMAR WENT BACK TO TREATING THE SICK...

HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW, NGULA? NEED MORE MEDICINE?

NO, RAMAR! WHEN THE MAU MAU LEFT MY CURE WAS COMPLETE!



KOALI NIJI KAHLA! THE GREAT KOALI SPEAKS!

WE FEARED THE CHATTER OF A BIRD! NEVER SHALL WE FEAR THE MAU MAU AGAIN!

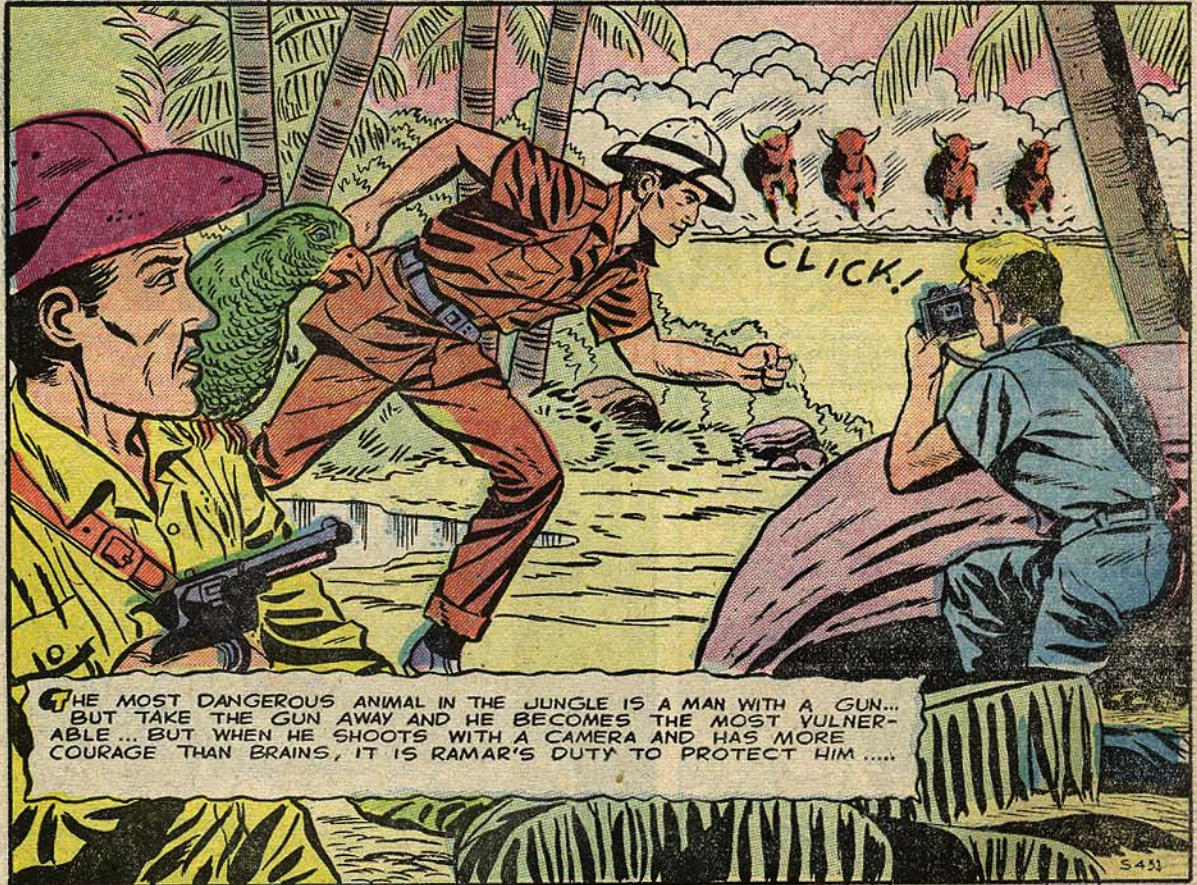
THEY WON'T QUIT, NGULA! BUT NEXT TIME THE WAMBALI WILL NOT LISTEN TO IDOL OF 'EVIL'!

THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR

The GUNLESS HUNTER



IN ELEPHANT COUNTRY, IN THE BELGIAN CONGO, WHITE HUNTERS STIR UP TROUBLE...

THEY SHOOT NOT FOR MEAT! THEY ARE EVIL!

WE CANNOT STOP THEM! WE MUST SEE RAMAR!



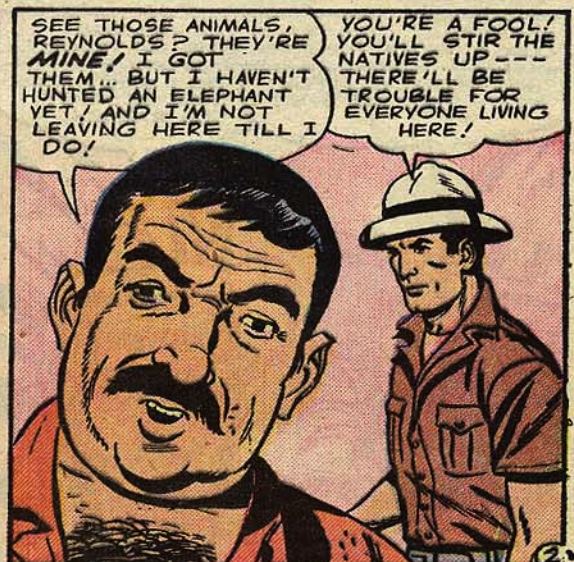
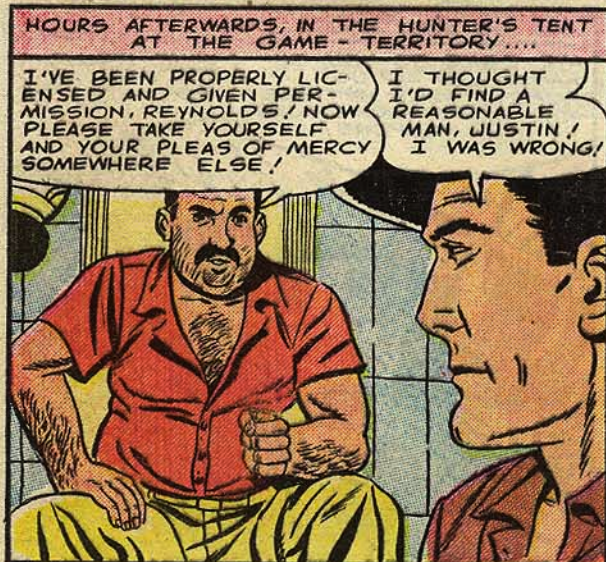
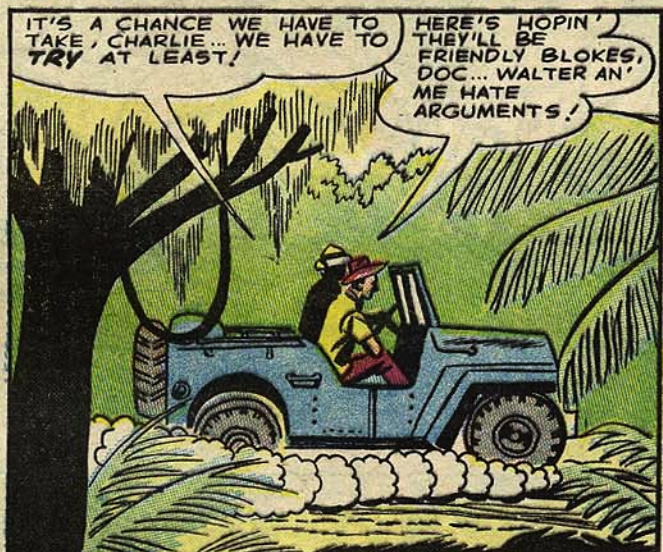
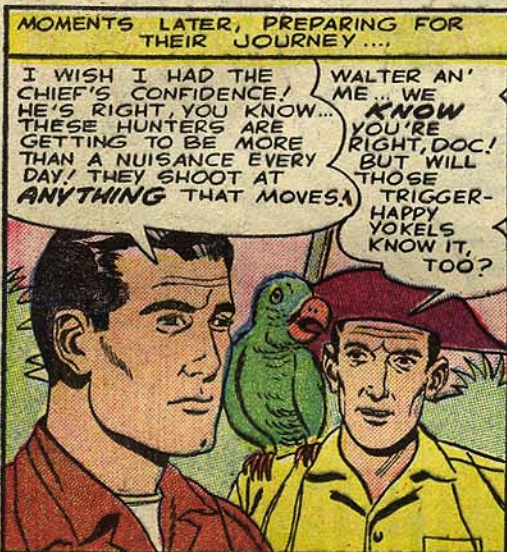
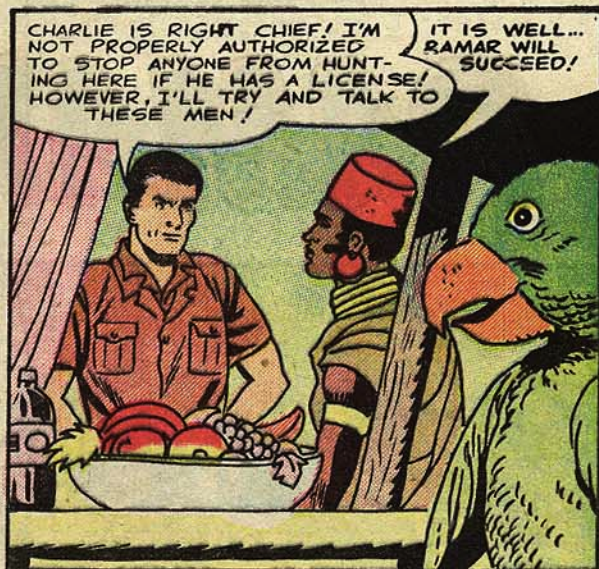
AND SO MANY HOURS LATER

WE COME TO YOU, OH RAMAR-- TO AID US AGAINST WHITE HUNTERS WHO CARRY MUCH DANGER IN THEIR WEAPONS!

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO, CHIEF?



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

RAMAR ACTS FAST. AND...

NOW **GET OUT!** DON'T LET ME SEE YOU AROUND HERE, AGAIN!

I'LL GET EVEN FOR THIS, REYNOLDS! I'LL **FIX** YOU!



YOU'VE MADE AN ENEMY OF JUSTIN, DR. REYNOLDS... MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT HUNT MYSELF!

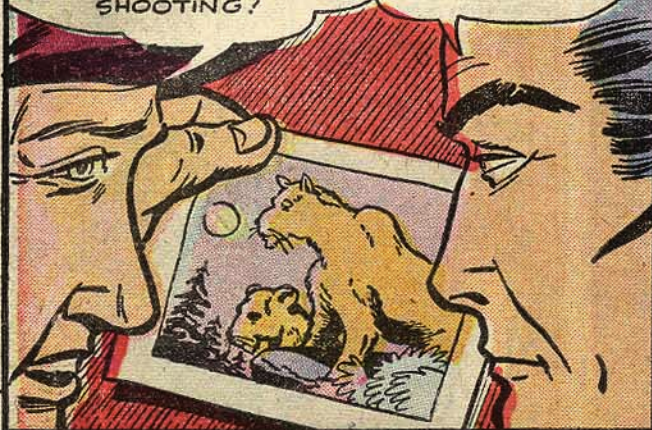
NO, BOB... THE NATIVES KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A GUN AND A CAMERA! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



AND FOR AWHILE, EVERYTHING GOES ALONG SMOOTHLY.....

BOB SURE KNOWS HOW TO GET THOSE SHOTS, DOC... THIS IS BETTER'N SHOOTING!

... AND MORE DANGEROUS... HE HAS COURAGE!



HOWEVER, UNKNOWN TO RAMAR AND HIS FRIENDS, JUSTIN HAS BEEN BUSY....

WORK THINGS MY WAY, UBANGAG --- AND YOU'LL BE CHIEF OF YOUR TRIBE! AND I'LL GET MY ELEPHANT!

TOMORROW... AT DAWN!



TOMORROW COMES... AND WITH IT--- TROUBLE.....

HEY! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! THAT DEER FELL... AND I DIDN'T HEAR A SHOT!

THE EVIL SPIRITS!



STRANGE... NO SIGN OF A BULLET HOLE!

THE IMAGE GUN IS ACCURSED!



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

AY! AND OUR CHIEF IS TO BLAME FOR ALLOWING THE WHITE HUNTERS TO REMAIN! DEATH TO HIM!



SO YOU ARE THE TRAITOR, UBANGAG! SEIZE HIM!



SEE? MY WORD HOLDS TRUE! YOU ARE NO LONGER CHIEF... GO NOW, OR DIE!

HOLD! I WOULD SPEAK TO ALL OF YOU!



NO EVIL SPIRIT HAS KILLED THIS ANIMAL... THE MARK OF A POISON DART IS ON ITS FLANK... CLEVERLY AIMED. IT IS: **UBANGAG** WHO CAUSES TROUBLE!

YOU LIE!



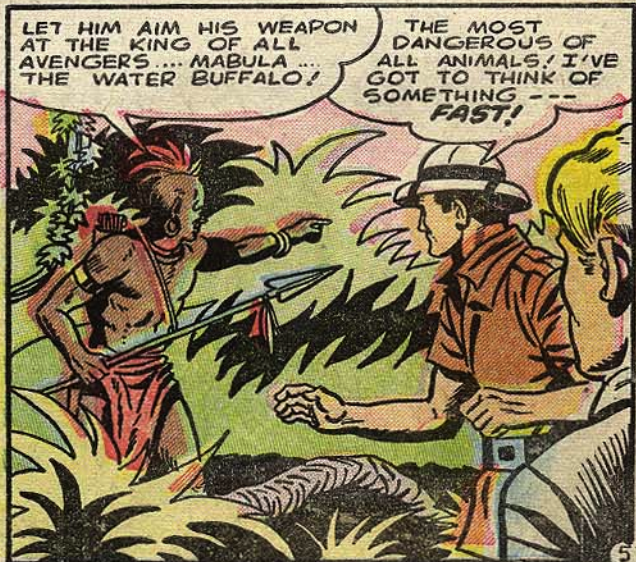
THEN LET MY YOUNG FRIEND PROVE TO YOU THE CAMERA-WEAPON IS HARMLESS... LET HIM USE IT AGAIN!

IT SHALL BE DONE... BUT I SHALL PICK THE ANIMALS!



LET HIM AIM HIS WEAPON AT THE KING OF ALL AVENGERS... MABULA... THE WATER BUFFALO!

THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL ANIMALS! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING --- **FAST!**



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

WHILE THE ENTIRE CAMP PREPARES TO MEET THE BUFFALO, RAMAR HAS OTHER SUSPICIONS WHICH SOON PROVE RIGHT....

NOW WHEN THEY GET CLOSE, I'LL WOUND THE BUFFALO LEADER... AND HE'LL CHARGE WITH THE ENTIRE PACK AT THEM! THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

AND THEN I SHALL BE CHIEF! GOOD!



ACTING SWIFTLY, RAMAR SPEEDS TO THE CLEARING....

THEY'LL OVERRUN EVERYTHING IN THE VILLAGE -- MAN, WOMAN, CHILD, UNLESS I STOP THEM... AND I THINK I KNOW SOMETHING THAT MIGHT WORK!



THE HERD BEARS DOWN ON THE SMALL GROUP... AND THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT WOUNDING THE ANIMAL LEADER... PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE....

RUN! WE CAN'T STOP A BUFFALO HERD!

DOC! WHERE ARE YOU? DOC!



AS IF RAMAR HAS HEARD CHARLIE...

HOPE THIS WILL DO THE TRICK! GOOD... IT'S WORKING!



THAT SODIUM IN ALCOHOL SOLUTION IN MY KIT WORKED! ANYONE KNOWS THAT SODIUM WILL EXPLODE WHEN IT COMES INTO CONTACT WITH THE AIR!

AND GUESS WHO WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL, DOC?



WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT, ONCE MORE, RAMAR... YOU SAVED US FROM A TERRIBLE FATE!

RULE IN WISDOM, CHIEF! WE'LL TAKE THESE TWO TO NAIROBI WHERE THEY'LL BE CURBED ONCE AND FOR ALL! ONLY THEN WILL PEACE COME TO THE JUNGLE!



THE END

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—
3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

- ① **A**LL BOOMERANGS RETURN TO THE THROWER.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ④ **U.S.** GRANT'S PICTURE IS ON THE \$10,000 BILL.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ② **I**SAAC WHELAN WAS THE FIRST LIFE INSURANCE AGENT IN THE U.S.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ⑤ **COLORADO** IS BETWEEN KANSAS AND UTAH.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



- ③ **K**ANSAS IS KNOWN AS THE WHEAT STATE.

TRUE.....

FALSE.....



1. FALSE, THE SHARPLY CURVED
ONES DO NOT RETURN. 2. TRUE.
HE WAS APPOINTED REPRESENT-
ATIVE FOR THE LONDON LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY IN PHILA-
DELPHIA IN 1807. 3. TRUE. 4. FALSE.
SALMON P. CHASE. 5. TRUE.

EGBERT



THE EXPLORER

A BIG SWALLOW

I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE JUNGLES FOR HUNTER JIM CHALMERS, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND HIM! I'M GOING TO ASK THOSE CANNIBALS IF THEY'VE SEEN HIM!



HELLO, CHIEF! DO YOU KNOW HUNTER JIM CHALMERS?

CERTAINLY!



ALL OF US KNEW HIM! HE WAS A MARVELOUS FELLOW, THE PRIDE OF THIS WHOLE TERRITORY!

THE PRIDE OF THIS WHOLE TERRITORY!

THAT'S RIGHT!

THEN WHY DID HE LEAVE SUCH A PLEASANT PLACE?

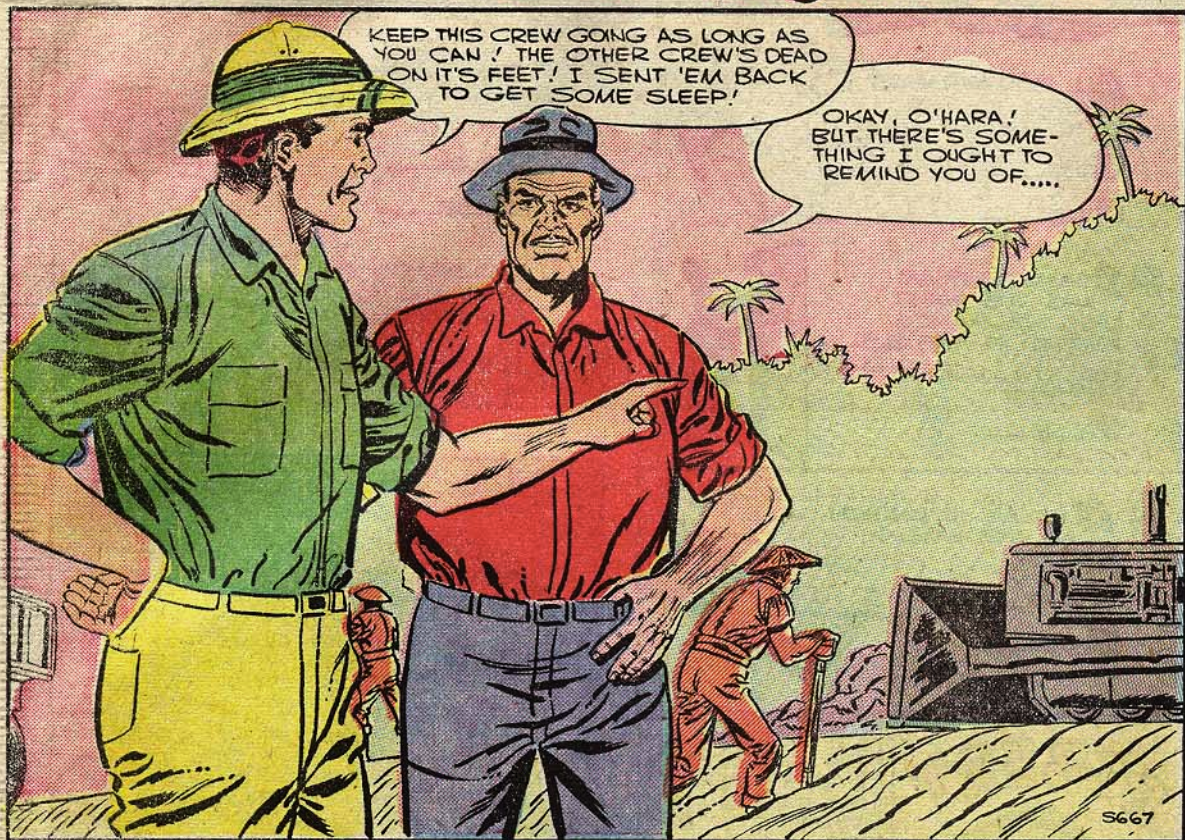


WELL, TIMES GOT SO BAD WE HAD TO SWALLOW OUR PRIDE!

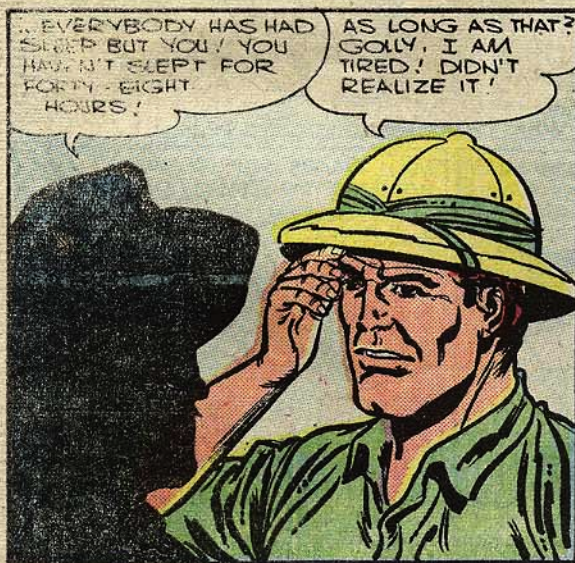
(GASP) !!!



JUNGLE ROAD



I WAS HANDED THE BRITISH ARMY CONTRACT FOR THE FAR-EAST ROAD, NOT BECAUSE MY PRICE WAS THE CHEAPEST, BUT BECAUSE I COULD BUILD SOLID ROADS, THAT WOULDN'T WASH OUT IN THE MONSOON STORMS ! NEVERTHELESS, I ALL BUT FLUBBED THE NIGHT THE MAJOR GOT UNDER MY SKIN !



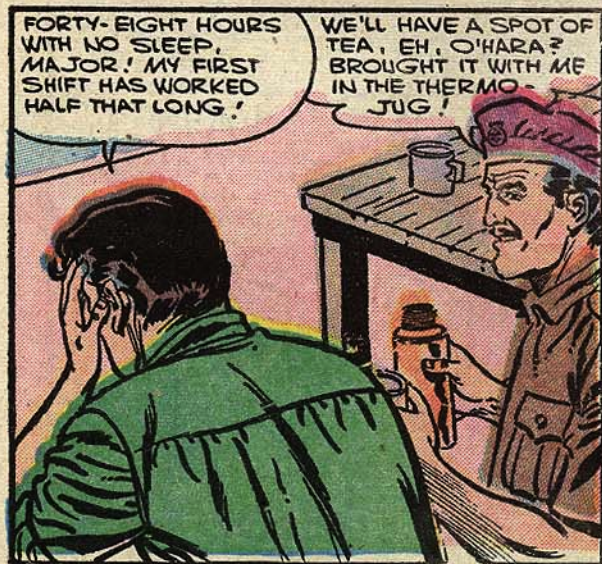
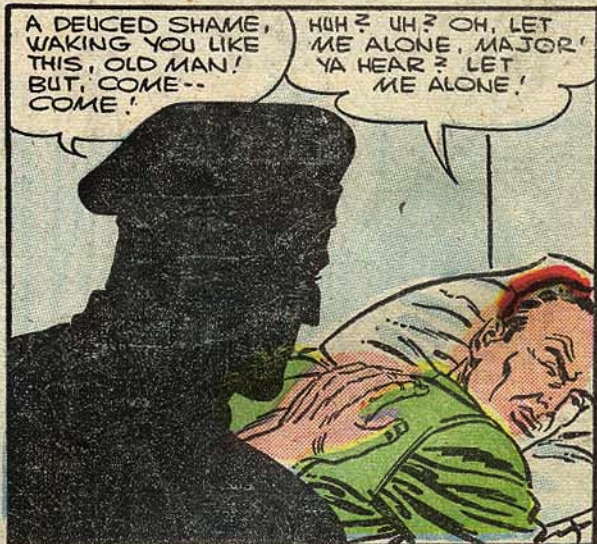
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



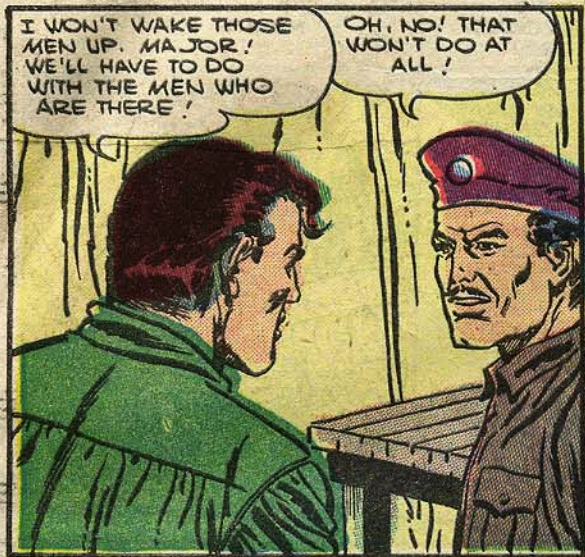
MAJOR CLIFFORD KRAFT-NICHOLS WAS THE BRITISH ARMY'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE JOB! BUT RIGHT THEN I WAS TOO TIRED...



BUT YOU CAN'T PUT THE MAJOR OFF...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



I FELL INTO A SOUND SLEEP...



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I SLEPT, BUT I AWOKE SUDDENLY, WITH THE FEELING THAT I WAS DROWNING...



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

BUT IT WAS NOT THE MAJOR! THE FULL FURY OF THE MONSOON STORM STRUCK ME...

I'M ON HIGHER GROUND THAN THE SLEEPING CREW! IF THE RIVER HAS OVERFLOWED, THEY COULD ALL BE DROWNED!



I BEGAN THE TEDIOUS TASK OF MAKING MY WAY AGAINST THE STORM! A THOUSAND FEARS RACED THROUGH MY MIND! THE ROAD COULD BE RUINED... THE MEN COULD BE DROWNED...



I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT TOOK TO TRAVEL THE DISTANCE TO THE RIVER, BUT IT SEEMED LIKE ALL NIGHT LONG! BUT AT LAST, I SIGHTED...



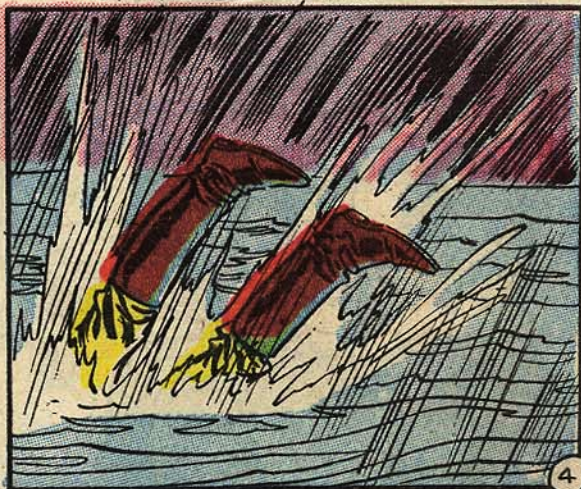
FLOODLIGHTS! THE MAJOR DID THE JOB!

JUST AS I REACHED THE RIVER ONE PART OF THE SANDBAG WALL GAVE WAY...

THERE GOES A MAN-- IF A SINGLE MAN IS LOST-- I AM RESPONSIBLE!



I DIVED IN-- EVEN AS I STRUCK THE WATER, I COULD FEEL THE AWFULL PULL OF THE CURRENT...



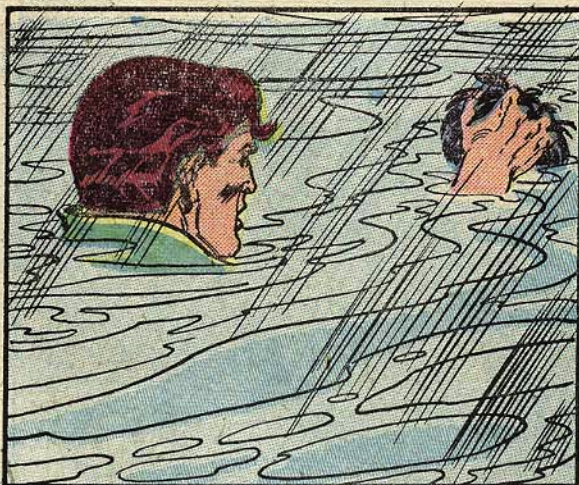
RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

I SWAM WITH THE CURRENT, USING ALL MY STRENGTH, FOR THERE WAS A HEAD BOBBING IN THE LIGHT OF THE FLOOD-LAMPS...

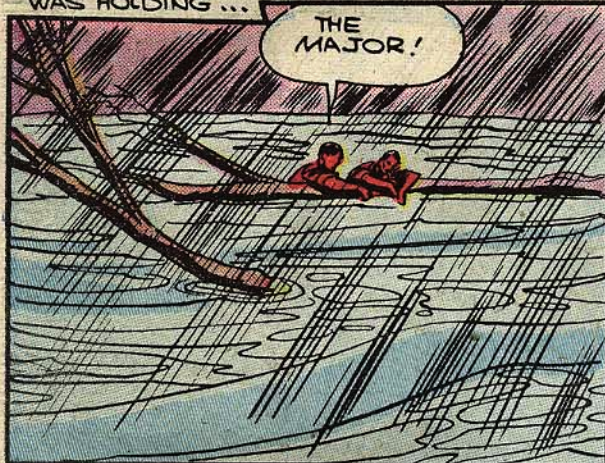


IF HE GOES BEYOND THE LIGHT, I'M LICKED!

I REACHED MY MAN JUST AS THE SHADOWS OF BLACKNESS WERE CLOSING IN...

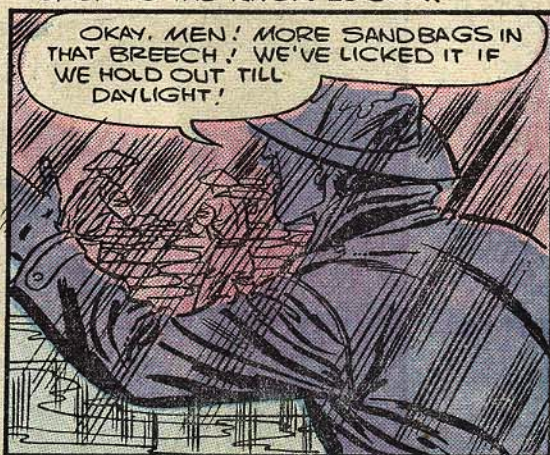


I EDGED TOWARD THE BANK! I GRASPED A SAPLING AS WE SHOT PAST AND CLUNG DESPERATELY! IT WAS THEN I SAW I WAS HOLDING...



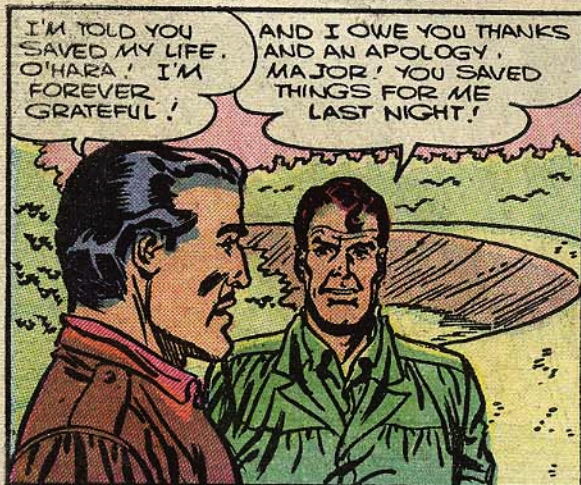
THE MAJOR!

I SOMEHOW GOT TO SHORE AND TOOK THE MAJOR TO HIS HOUSE AND INTO THE CARE OF HIS SERVANTS! THEN I WENT BACK TO THE RIVER EDGE...



OKAY, MEN! MORE SANDBAGS IN THAT BREACH! WE'VE LICKED IT IF WE HOLD OUT TILL DAYLIGHT!

I WALKED WEARILY BACK FROM THE RIVER THE NEXT MORNING! I FOUND THE MAJOR INSPECTING THE ROADBED...



I'M TOLD YOU SAVED MY LIFE, O'HARA! I'M FOREVER GRATEFUL!

AND I OWE YOU THANKS AND AN APOLOGY, MAJOR! YOU SAVED THINGS FOR ME LAST NIGHT!

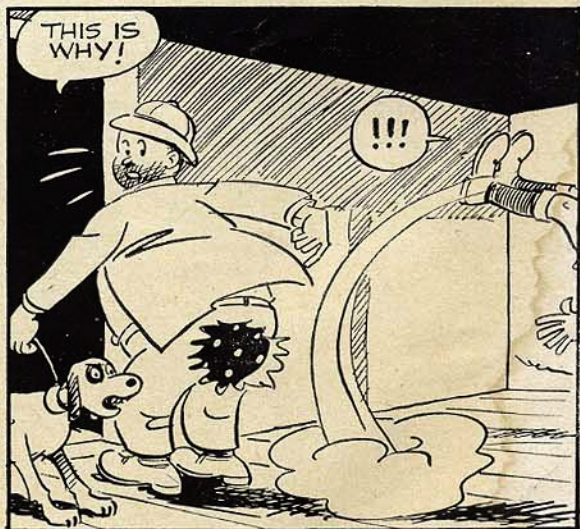
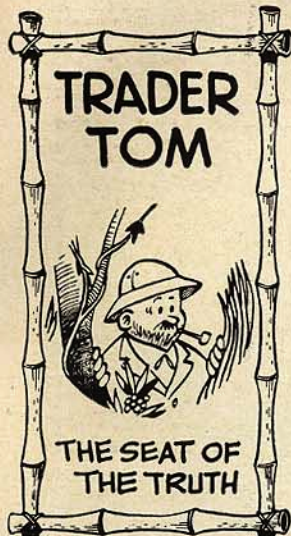
BY THE WAY, O'HARA, I COULDN'T FIND A SINGLE BREACH IN THE ROADWAY! I DOUBT THAT IF THE RIVER HAD REACHED IT, IT WOULD HAVE MOVED A SINGLE STONE! GOOD WORK, MAN!



END

IF NOTHING ELSE CAME OUT OF THAT NIGHT, MUTUAL RESPECT BETWEEN ME AND THE MAJOR RESULTED! I KNEW I HAD MET A MAN, IN SPITE OF ALL HIS TEA DRINKING! AS FOR THE MAJOR -- HE KNEW HE HAD THE BEST DARNED ROADBUILDER IN THE WORLD WORKING ON HIS JOB!

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE



RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE

